FIGHTING A BIG FOREST FIRE

WORK AND HARDSHIPS OF THE WESTERN FORESTERS.

Who and What Sort of Men They Are—A Stirring Story of the Mountains in Flames and the Splendid Organization of the Fighting Forces Now.

For days now we have had an opportunity to meet and know the members of the United States Forest Service and to see their work first hand, to watch them in the great forests of California and to see what they are working at and learn what they hope to accomplish, writes a California correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. Undoubtedly they form one of the most interesting and unique bodies of men ever brought together in the country. For the most part they are men of a high order of intelligence and with educations acquired in some of the best schools and colleges in the United States. Such a man is Capt. Elliott, whom we met at Lake Tahoe. Such a man is Mr. Hopping, who is still with us, having come down the mountain from Camp Sierra. Such a man is Col. Shipn, who is in charge of the big forest which stretches for miles to the south of us and comprises more than a million and a half acres. Such a man is Capt. Adams, chief of all the rangers, and next in rank in the forest service to Gifford Pinchot, the official head of the whole system.

The assertion that "Pinchot has a lot of paper collared dudes doing the work of foresters and mountaineers" is not supported by the facts as we have been able to get them. Hopping was born and raised in this vicinity. His father and all his relatives were of the old colony that built the great mountain road which leads up to Camp Sierra and the centre of the Big Trees. Capt. Redwood is a son of the secretary of the same colony, and his father still lives about midway down the mountain. Capt. Elliott has spent the greater part of his life in the forest where he now has charge. Col. Shinn is of the West and has seen two generations come and go since he first began to live in the mountains and to study the forests and their proper care.

Capt. Adams has had a most picturesque career. Although next in rank and honor in the service to Mr. Pinchot, he had a long and hard apprenticeship before acquiring the place. He was a soldier in the war with Spain and served in Cuba and the Philippines. Before that he sailed before the mast and always he has been accustomed to outdoor life. His duties keep him in Washington during the winter months and he spends all of his summers in the mountains.

The salaries paid in the forest service are so small comparatively—ranging from $1,200 to $2,700 a year—and the expense of keeping the necessary horses so great, with the lonely life led by the men, that it would seem impossible to gather together such men as are really found in the service. Almost without exception the chief foresters and supervisors and district rangers are men with college educations. They are men who love the trees and the mountains. In talking with them I found most of them have a conviction that they are doing much for the progress of the world and for the preservation of resources for coming generations, which will make them famed in the future history of the Republic, though but little appreciated now. These men are just like Gifford Pinchot, back in Washington. For the most part they could take their ease and find congenial employment elsewhere, but their love for the woods and the great open mountain spaces and their conviction that work well done now in the preservation of the great forests will mean much for the future and will hold them to their lives of hardship and toil.

Without exception they wear the dark green and picturesque khaki of the service, and there is naught to distinguish the relative rank of the men. They pride themselves on their horses and their equipment. They usually have two horses and sometimes two horses and a pack animal. I saw Capt. Redwood ride away, out of Camp Sierra, with his rifle under his saddle pommel, a pack horse carrying provisions for six weeks, and a blanket roll in which he may sleep at night, and simple cooking utensils with which he may cook. He has a tiny mite of a baby, only 3 days old, born up there under the big trees in Camp Sierra, and it seemed almost pathetic to see him ride away, leaving the anxious mother and the new born baby looking after him from under the edge of the raised tent flap. He will be gone for weeks. Each day he will climb mountain sides and descend into deep cañons and gorges. Each day he will keep his eyes constantly on the sky line to detect signs of the light gray and blue haze which rises toward the sky when there is a forest fire. Many days he will ride from sixty to eighty miles.

Most lumbermen and mountaineers will tell you that the forest service more than pays for itself in the way in which it saves the destruction of trees and property from the forest fires. I had an opportunity the other day to see how the rangers work and what grim and desperate duty they do up here in the mountains. Fire broke out far up on the side of the Sierra Nevadas. Ralph Hopping, the district ranger in charge, had just arrived at Three Rivers. He had been riding almost continuously for twenty-four hours and had secured but three hours sleep in that time. He rode up to the mountain inn here on the stage route and turned his horse and his pack animal out in the corral. He slipped off his riding boots, threw aside his coat, opened his shirt front, and was just sinking into an afternoon slumber out on the wide front porch when the telephone bell rang. He was summoned and told that a fire had broken out not far from the electric plant of the Mount Whitney Power Company. Fatigue was forgotten. He shaded his eyes and looked far up the mountain side and across the deep gorge which separated him from the spot where a thin wreath of pale blue smoke was slowly rising.

"That promises to be a bad fire and we will need all the help possible," he said, almost to himself, as he looked up the side of the mountain. "The underbrush and the wild oats are as dry as tinder and I guess we have a fight before us."

Then he spent fifteen minutes telephoning throughout a country which the Government telephone lines have brought into communication for forty miles or more. To every stage post, to every ranch and to every village and mountain hamlet he telephoned that fire had broken out on the grim old mountain side, and that he wanted sixty men. He telephoned to his summer headquarters and ordered two of his rangers to meet him. He telephoned to the headquarters of the Mount Whitney Power Company at Visalia and told the officials to hurry out as many men as possible in their big red automobiles and up the mountain side as he felt the great flume of the company was threatened. That flume cost thousands of dollars and carries an immense volume of water in its wood enclosure, from far up the mountain side to the power plant half way down the steep incline, where it produces 4,000 horsepower as it races through the big turbine wheels and drives the electric generators night and day.

It was but two miles across the gorge to where the fire was burning, but it was six over the mountain trails to reach the scene. By the time Hopping was on the scene the trails and roads were alive with men coming to the fire. They reported at once to Hopping. He divided the force into three bodies. One each he assigned to his two rangers and the third he took charge of himself. Then when he saw that a thousand acres were being swept by the great sheet of flames he telephoned to the military post inside the Sequoia National Park and in four hours two score troopers rode down the mountain trail and reported to him for duty. The great and expensive six mile flume of the power company was threatened. Already the flames had burned it away for a hundred feet or more, sending a flood of water down the gorge like a mountain torrent and stopping one of the two big power plants. Men with sacks and every available article, even coats and shirts and undershirts, were beating out the fire at its edges.

Mr. Hopping took charge. He stationed men along the flume with orders to break open its top, wet down its sides and wet down a strip on both sides of it which would prove a fire guard. Then with some of the picked men and experienced fire fighters he took up the greater task of starting a back fire and fighting fire with fire to stop the configration within a comparatively narrow scope on the mountain side. It would be a long and desperate story to tell of the work of those fire fighters. It would include the story of the forty-eight hours fight, at the end of which it was thought the fire had been kept within bounds, and just as the men were congratulating themselves on their victory the night winds swept down the mountains, sent a solid sheet of flames across the gorge, up the canyon and straight into the expensive flume, wiping out 400 feet more of it and making the hard, exhausting fight necessary all over again. It would include the tale of how Hopping and seven of his fighters were caught in the sheet of flame when it swept over the flume and they were obliged to throw themselves face downward and breathe close to the ground to prevent being stifled. It would include a relation of how they dragged themselves along the flume for three-quarters of a mile to a narrow place in the flames, and then with wet gunnysacks about their heads and holding their breath they made a dash through the low burning underbrush for safety on the other side. It would be a story of how the women—wives of mountaineers and forest service people—came from villages and mountain hamlets and spent the nights and days of the sixty-four hours on the mountain sides making coffee and serving food and wetting down sacks and making camp comfortable for the fire fighters.

I was with the men when they came out. Not a man but had his hair and eyebrows and mustache or whiskers singed close to his head. Not one but whose eyes were bloodshot and whose steps were weary and walk uncertain. Not a man who had a whole boot or shoe on his foot or a whole shirt on his back. Half a dozen of them in the early stages of the fire fighting and before supplies came up fought the fire with their shirt in one hand and undershirt in the other, stripped to the waist, and these were cruelly burned. Not a soldier of the two score escaped with a semblance of his uniform on his back. Dozens of the men descended the mountain side to the power plant and threw themselves on the ground to spend twelve hours in sleep of utter exhaustion. But there was no word of complaint.

LETTERS TO A GOVERNOR.

Kansas Cranks Have Their Own Pigeonhole in the Executive Office.

Somewhere among the tiers of filing cases that line the walls in the office of the chief executive officer of every State will be found a metal box bearing the curt label "Cranks." Gov. Hoch finds that he cannot keep house in his executive chambers without a reservation among his flies for the freak letters that come to him, says the Kansas City *Journal*. The most charitable characterization of these communications is to call them unintelligible. They would be humorous if they did not carry a note of pathos. In them all burns the fierce fire of the zealot, and often the minds behind the hands that wrote them seem to have leaped the limits of sanity.

Yet against not one does Gov. Hoch lay the charge of mental dethronement. Many are filled with violent abuse of the Chief Executive, often containing ribald and wicked words, making charges that reduce themselves to absurdities, but the Governor makes no unkind comment.

"I don't understand this letter," he says. Then he writes across the corner the word "Crank" and a clerk files it in the freak letter box. They go unanswered.

A mere glance at the paper used, the ink, the handwriting, invites a search for the eccentric. In some the spelling and composition of words reflects an education, in others it is near illiteracy. Here is one, typewritten, neat and clean, with perfect spelling; but it contains not a connected thought, just a riotous ramble. "To use your influence," is written, "in favor of a square deal, closing the Kansas incident as well as the Danville incident, in which the reputation of the national board of managers of the Soldiers' Home is involved, as yours and my own is involved in the Kansas incident. However, let us thank the Lord that we are not implicated in the Brownsville, Tex., incident, nor yet mixed up in the mikidor troubles at San Francisco. You and I have troubles enough of our own, thank the Lord from Whom all blessings flow. It is now thoroughly up to you to intercede in favor of an amicable settlement in my case on the P. D. Q. plan if you please."

District Attorney Jerome once made a speech in the West, and referring to Kansas and Missouri, said something about laws concerning Sundays and prohibition not being backed by public sentiment. Gov. Hoch and Gov. Folk both quickly answered Jerome through the newspapers. Then the Kansas Governor got this letter: "So-called Governor Hoch! Any man opposes the Will of the People as Governor or to be hanged! Mark that! Religious Sunday law's have no business on any statute book on any State of the Union!"

Interminably long are some of the letters. Here is one written on old fashioned "store" paper, on both sides of forty pages, or eighty lead pencil written pages in all. The writer was a man and he had but one note and one key to play. It appears that he and some "Sarah" are being defrauded and tormented and he begs for relief. Not a taint of abuse is in the words. The lines are simple but monotonously redundant with the same idea. Implicit faith in the Governor's ability and determination to see them safely through their Red Sea pervades the long appeal.

A woman in the western part of the State decries the fact that "the county attorney of her county won't stop young people from drinking soda on Sunday with as much hilarity as on the week day." She says that she and her friends need "something strong to lean upon," and Gov. Hoch to her mind would be just the prop.

Here is one written in a vertical hand from an Eastern State describing the fine winter weather, and concluding: "Such is life and there is no use of getting sentimental over it."

A most remarkable letter of 857 words without a period, comma, dash or punctuation mark of any kind is written in a good hand and perfect spelling.

Lots of people write the Governor to help them untangle money troubles. They think that he can reach out and stop the hand of a lawyer in foreclosing a mortgage, can put an end to a bank insisting that notes be paid, ad infinitum. One long tale of financial woe concludes: "An excruciated citizen. I leave the rest to your imagination."

"Heaven" is the mark on a postal card as the place from which it was written. "I make my own laws," declares the writer. "You can do as you please about obeying them, and will settle a much disputed saying that the Sabbath day begins with the first rays of light that color the eastern sky and ends with the golden halo of glory on the snow clad summit of the Selkirks. When the sun rises in the West I'll let go. Heaven."

Some woman has taken upon herself the task of preaching against race suicide. Another deplores the love for dogs of the rich. Dozens of questions involving law points in the settlement of properties are asked, prompted possibly by the primeval custom of going before the Magistrate and having him decide them by the code of rules which the community may have adopted.

The smile on the face of the chance idle reader of these letters gives way to a look of sadness. If he has lived long enough to have put away the makebelieves of childhood he will understand that a large portion of these chance leaves have their origin in a single word—trouble

A WARSHIP OF A NEW TYPE

Continued from First Page.

may fittingly be applied to Théophile Pascarel, who died not long ago in Paris at the Hôpital St. Antoine. In Gen. Boulanger's time Pascarel as a rope dancer rivalled the late M. Paulus, the singer, in the affection of the Parisian public. He was of uncommonly handsome appearance, justifying his popular nickname of "Bel Homme."

Through various circumstances Pascarel lost favor with his public and, sinking deeper and deeper, was last remembered as a ragged boulevard type who picked up cigar and cigarette ends. He finally resolved to end his existence and carried out his intention in a highly dramatic manner.

On one of the Seine bridges late one evening diners were amazed at the spectacle of a man turning somersaults and performing other feats. A crowd assembled and warmly applauded his agility. Then Pascarel, for it was he, bowed his thanks from the balustrade and with a double backward somersault hurled himself into the Seine. The spectators cheered him to the echo, thinking it was a trick, but it soon became evident that it was intended to be a broken down artist's last performance.

A police boat put out and picked him up and he was conveyed to the hospital. As soon as his identity became known a subscription was raised on his behalf, but Pascarel did not live to enjoy it. After lingering a few days he died, and the money collected was spent on a magnificent funeral, the body being conveyed to the cemetery in a four horse hearse draped with sable tassels from which hung heavy silver teardrops, after the French style.

From the time the Emperor Nicholas I. of Russia made no secret of his passion for the great French actress Rachel the infatuation of members of the Russian imperial family for ladies of the stage has been a tradition. The Emperor's son, Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, followed his father's example by falling in love with an actress for whom he furnished a magnificent house opposite his own palace.

Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch has been banished from the imperial court for the last thirty years owing to his infatuation for an American comedy actress. Grand Duke Alexei, once commander in chief of the Russian fleet, lives in Paris, inseparable from an opera singer, and the admiration of the present Czar Nicholas II. before he ascended to the throne for a beautiful ballet dancer has not been forgotten. The escapades of the Grand Duke Boris, who took an entire company of chorus girls with him to his headquarters in the Far East during the war with Japan, are still remembered.

Of the sons of the Czar's uncle Vladimir, the youngest, Andrei Vladimirovitch, is credited with possessing great influence over his imperial cousin. Until now he has been regarded as a model young man, and he alone appeared to be proof against the seductions of the stage. But it is now reported from St. Petersburg that he has fallen head over ears in love with Mlle. Sirischinska, a dark eyed beauty of the Imperial Theatre.

It is even said that he has seriously offered her marriage, but Mlle. Sirischinska declines to give up her profession. The Czar is much incensed at his cousin's lapse from grace and has ordered him to take up his quarters for a year at Irkutsk, in Siberia, in the hope that a temporary exile may cool the young man's ardor.

It was a thirsty company that listened last week at Sondershausen, Germany, to a concert given in an extraordinary place, namely, in a salt mine, at a depth of 2,400 feet below the earth's surface. It was an entertainment given in celebration of a miners' holiday on the Gluckauf property.

This unique concert hall is hewn out of the natural salt in the form of a cupola and is of respectable size, accommodating an audience of 200. The acoustics are said to be perfect.

The decorations too are wonderful, nature having provided the most delicate and symmetrical markings in the varied strata. On this occasion the hall was electrically lighted. Some well known soloists performed.

Time was when the woman who wanted to vote figured in the popular mind as that extremely unpleasant person, a frump.

"For this notion possibly," says *Votes for Women*, the English suffragettes' official organ, "we have the popular press to blame, and no more striking evidence of the change which has come over those responsible for the illustrated papers can be imagined than the recent *Punch* cartoon, 'Ulysses and the Steam Sirens,' in which were shown three suffragettes in a steam launch, each a daintily drawn figure; one in a skirt and shirtwaist with a picture hat, the second in a kimono frock and the third in a university cap and gown. It is not so very long ago that cartoons of suffragettes invariably showed the police struggling with impossible dummies in large spring side shoes and shapeless clothes.

"The suffragette of to-day," continues *Votes for Women*, "is dainty and precise in her dress; indeed she has a feeling that for the honor of the cause she represents she must live up to her highest ideals in all respects. A feature of the recent demonstration in Hyde Park was the fact that white dresses predominated, thus enhancing the value of the colors on banners and badges, and any one with an artist's eye must have enjoyed the spectacular effect of the seven processions—in white, purple and green, the suffragette colors—against the green of the park trees, and with the blue of a summer sky above."

This result could not have been obtained without the individual cooperation of the demonstrators. On subsequent occasions, at the Earls Court meeting and elsewhere, it has become recognized that when on parade the suffragette dons a white dress and takes good care of its style and cut.

Of particular interest is the announcement made in the *Law Times* that the first commemorative tablet to be set up in the new main hall of the London Central Criminal Court has the following inscription:

"Near this site William Penn and William Mead were tried in 1670 for preaching to an unlawful assembly in Gracechurch street. This tablet commemorates the courage and endurance of the jury, Thomas Vere and Edward Bushell and ten others, who refused to give a verdict against them, although locked up without food for two nights, and were fined for final verdict of not guilty."

The juryman's lot in those days was, it seems, not happy, but it is satisfactory to note that their particular case was afterward revived on writ of habeas corpus and Chief Justice Vaughan delivered the opinion of the court, which established the right of juries to give their verdict according to their convictions.

Last week was memorable in the history of Islam and of photography, for last Wednesday postcards bearing the portrait of the Sultan were openly sold in the streets of Constantinople and the police made no attempt to stop the sale. This is one of the most liberal things that have been done during the present rose water revolution, as it is called.

Not only are Mohommedans forbidden to look upon pictures and graven images but the Sultan is known to have a very strong dislike to having his portrait taken. As a young man he is said to have dabbled a good deal in magic and he firmly believed, at all events until quite recently, that an enemy acquiring his portrait would thereby gain a certain power over him.

Portraits of the Sultan have been published surreptitiously before now. There is extant a capital picture of him as a young man, when he was still known as Prince Hamid, which shows him with a smooth face, clear eyes and a carefully groomed mustache, but with the Armenian traits which are far more clearly marked in the haggard and anxious looking portrait obtained of him a few years ago.

To the St. Petersburg *Slovo* some interesting statements have been made by M. Bakhmetieff, who has returned from Tokio, where he was Russian Minister. M. Bakhmetieff says that another war with Russia is regarded by the Japanese as a chance event and with the defeat of Russia as being equally open to chance. The Japanese believe that Russia is far better prepared for another war with Japan than Japan is prepared to go to war with Russia. At any rate Japan will not make the first move in that direction, for it is occupied exclusively with finding money to improve its financial position.

M. Bakhmetieff was much struck by the fact that while the Japanese are extremely inquisitive as to the course of events abroad and in the political world generally, it is difficult for a foreigner to find out very much about the inner workings of Japan as a State.

If a Paris paper is to be believed, gray hairs are to be permanently abolished, thanks to the discovery of Prof. Metchnikoff. His remedy consists simply in curling or waving the hair, or in some way submitting the hair to the action of a hot iron, for it is the effect of the heat that is the essential factor.

Prof. Metchnikoff in spite of his advanced age has a fine head of hair which shows no trace of grayness. He has always used a curling iron, not from any feeling of vanity, but because he maintains that the pigmentary cells of the hair are liable to be attacked by microbes which are easily destroyed by the action of a hot iron. Thus the cells are preserved and with them the primitive color of the hair.

The remedy is simple, but there is one drawback. It is only preventive and cannot restore the color to hair that has already turned gray.

According to Dr. John Tatham's report to the Registrar-General on the mortality in certain occupations during 1900, 1901 and 1902 the callings which offer the best prospect of longevity are those of a gardener, a gamekeeper, a farmer, a railway engine driver and a minister of any religious denomination. At the other end of the scale come the general laborer, the tin miner, the hawker and the hotel servant, and about midway are the physician, the undertaker and the tobacconist.

As compared with lawyers medical men die more rapidly at every stage of life, while as compared with the clergy their mortality is enormous. Tuberculosis, phthisis and diseases of the respiratory organs are the only causes of death that are substantially less fatal to medical men than to men in the aggregate.

Commercial travellers fall victims to alcoholism in greater proportion than other men by 38 per cent., while their mortality from liver disease is more than double the average. Chimney sweeps show the highest fatality from cancer.

It is a curious fact that actors, authors and journalists find no place in Dr. Tatham's tables, although even numerically they must be almost as important as, say, costermongers, wigmakers and chimney sweeps, who are all included.

Next year the Prince of Wales purposes to devote serious interest to yacht racing. It is not his intention to have a very large yacht, but one of moderate tonnage that shall have a fair chance of winning some of the principal events. The Prince hopes to have his new craft ready for Cowes next year. The boat will probably be built on the Clyde and be designed by W. Fife.

THE BOOZE IN THE HIDE.

Or How the Ardent Comforter Is Now Sold in Prohibition Maine.

From the Lewiston Evening Journal.

Deputy Sturgis Commissioner Goss is at work on a song which will be a parody on "Locked in the Stable With the Sheep," only he will call it "Found in the Hide With the Booze."

Deputy Goss's inspiration comes from a seizure which Deputies Beaulieu and Stevens made in a stable on Lincoln alley early Friday morning. They took a peek into things at their leisure before the proprietor showed up and discovered one of the most ingenious and best concealed hides which has been unearthed by the officers of late.

Entrance is made by first going up two flights of stairs and then down one. But the flight that you go down is so carefully concealed that it was only by the merest chance that the officers found it. The stairs creaked with each step, which was the only noise except that of scampering rats as large as pet poodles and with tails as long as a train of cars.

At the foot of the stairs the officers found an open room which apparently was a part of the stable. A lamp with a smoky chimney was on a box beside which were a number of glasses. Near by were a ten gallon keg, a two gallon jug, a gallon measure and a pint measure, all containing whiskey. This booze den was evidently the retreat and source of supply of the pocket pedlers.

Liquor selling in Lewiston and other Maine cities which have been invaded by the Sturgis deputies has been reduced to such an exact science that those who take chances are being called professional booze venders. As doctors can tell whether a person is ill by the look of his face, so can these pedlers tell whether a man wants to buy whiskey when he shows up at a resort where the stuff is dealt out on the sly.

Only one question is asked a customer by the pocket pedler. He simply walks up to the man and says:

"Big or little?" and soon produces the goods ordered.

"Big or little" means more than the words indicate. If the customer says big he gets a pint and if he says little he gets half a pint. He isn't asked what kind of stuff he wants, for only one is carried. He gets whiskey or nothing.

VILLAGE LIFE OF ELEPHANTS

DESCRIBED BY AN OBSERVER IN THE CONGO RESERVE.

Here the Law Protects Them While Efforts Are Made to Domesticate Them—The Elephant Sociable, an Epicure, Fond of Swimming and a Good Road Maker.

The most interesting elephant country to-day is a region in the northeastern part of the Congo Free State on the plains to the north of the Welle River and in the equatorial forests to the south of it. This is the northern part of the great elephant reserve from which the Congo State debars all ivory hunters.

The law prohibits the killing of elephants in a wide zone extending north and south across the State, and though it cannot yet be thoroughly enforced against the native hunters the elephants have nothing to fear from white ivory traders. By providing this asylum for elephants the Government expects to prevent their extermination. There is just one exception here to the rule forbidding elephant slaughter.

In this northern part of the reserve the Congo State is carrying on its efforts to domesticate the African elephant and make him the useful servant of man. The work is in progress at several stations along the Welle, but most notably at Amadis, and THE SUN has told of the encouragement that has already rewarded the trainers.

At Amadis and some of the other stations the African elephant, who so long had the reputation of being irreclaimable and utterly unfit for servitude, may be seen hauling logs, pulling carts and carrying freight and passengers on his back. The day is believed to be near when he will be added to the working forces of Africa.

If in the capture of young animals suitable specimens for the educational work, it is necessary to kill others that sometimes attack the hunters, it is of course permitted to shoot them down. This is the one exception referred to.

The Congo State is also carrying on another phase of work in this region. One of the favorite stamping grounds of the elephant, it offers the best of opportunities to study him in his native wilds.

Late last year Mr. Willaert was commissioned to give all his time to the study of the African elephant in this part of his habitat. He has been living for months in the forests on the south side of the Welle with his native and white assistants and camping now and then on the plains of the north side of the river.

He has watched the animals taking their breakfast on the plains, swimming or fording the rivers, playing in the mire of the marshes, covering their backs and flanks with mud and retreating to their forest fastnesses at night. The first preliminary report by this expert student has just been printed by the Congo State, and some of the new things he has to say about the African elephant are repeated here.

This region in the district of the Welle is the ideal home of the elephant because he loves water and shade, and here are the equatorial forest and streams and marshes without number. He is seen only in the early morning on the plain, where there are herbage and roots to his liking that he cannot find in the timber, but he varies his bill of fare with the leaves, fruit and other food that the forest offers and in the early evening and for hours at night he is filling his huge paunch with forest products. A great feeder and a ruthless destroyer while picking out the tidbits he fancies, he would lay waste the country if it was possible to kill out tropical vegetation.

In the hot hours of the day he rests in the forest coverts. The natives would see little of him if he were not sometimes lured to their plantations by the good things they offer. On such occasions if not discovered he makes sad havoc, devouring the bananas, tearing up the manioc for its juicy roots and breaking off the guinea palms for the cluster of oily nuts at their crown. Generally he avoids man and flees at his approach, though he fights hard when at bay or made frantic by wounds.

The elephant is a good swimmer and fond of the sport. Most of the streams are too shallow for swimming, but the animal is not afraid of the deepest water.

When he has a chance he takes a plunge and you might think he was drowned, for an age seems to elapse before he comes snorting to the surface; but if you watch closely you will see that the tip of his proboscis is just above the water so he has plenty of air while relieving his overheated system below. Sometimes you will see a number of these tip ends moving along and you know that a herd of elephants is making a subaqueous passage to the further shore.

This is the time the natives like to attack the elephant with their long lances. He is entirely defenceless in water that comes up to his belly. He cannot move rapidly and is powerless to attack, so his love of water often costs him dear.

He has a curious habit of choosing steep river banks for his descent into or exit from rivers. He fairly slides or slips into the water and clambering out on the other shore he makes his knees, his trunk and his tusks help him up the steep ascent.

The animals show much solidarity when on the defence. It is very dangerous to attack a herd. While a hunter is intent on his particular quarry he may get his quietus from some overlooked brute. One of the white hunters at an elephant training station was run through the stomach by a tusk just as he had tangled the legs of an elephant calf with a rope.

The elephant is more dangerous in some regions than in others and is said to be particularly formidable at the Bili station. This is attributed to the fact that for some years the natives had sharpened the faculties of the animal by hunting him with firearms and he had learned to defend himself better.

The African elephant is a sociable animal and is rarely met alone. He usually lives in families of from three to six individuals, and not rarely twenty or thirty and sometimes even 100 animals herd together.

The natives say that they have seen herds of several hundred animals, but Mr. Willaert thinks that this cannot be a permanent condition, for such aggregations would not only devastate the country around by their immense consumption of vegetation, but also by the paths leading to their horse or camping ground.

Each family or herd has its own village as Mr. Willaert calls the elephant resting grounds. They are easy to find, for the elephant paths, over three feet in width, beaten down solid and in much better condition than the paths of the native blacks, are several miles long and radiate in all directions from their camps.

Mr. Willaert has often seen them from the vantage point of a tree branch, when nothing had disturbed their quiet, following one another in Indian file along the path, keeping step with the slow pace of their leader, an old male with superb tusks, who is at once their chief and the foremost defender of the herd. The soft soles of their feet make the advance almost noiseless and a little rustling of the vegetation against their sides is the only indication that elephants are on the march.

It is very different when they are surprised by a sudden attack, for then it is every one for himself. Unless brought to bay or maddened by wounds or attacks on their young they flee in great disorder, leaving a wake of trampled vegetation and broken branches.

Good Money in Dry Ranching.

From the Los Angeles Times.

J. B. Maxwell, a prominent rancher and capitalist of San Jacinto, has just received returns from a 640 acre tract of grain which prove that dry ranching in the valley is not in any way an undesirable occupation. A year ago Mr. Maxwell purchased this section of land, and as soon as the fall rains began he had it ploughed and seeded to barley.

Returns from this crop of winter sown grain have been received and Mr. Maxwell reports that his gross receipts are more than the cost of the land a year ago. He is enthusiastic over his success and is looking for more grain land to buy. Experience of the growers in the last few years has demonstrated that grain land is profitable property and that it pays the rancher to own his land rather than to rent for a share of the crop.